Red Dawn, by Justin Richards

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[Part One]

HOUSTON [OC]: Launch Control, this is Houston. We confirm we are go for launch.
LAUNCH CONTROL: Roger that, Houston. Go for launch. T minus ten seconds. Guidance release. Eight, seven. Ignition sequence start. Three, two, one, ignition. All engines running. Commence lift-off. We have lift-off at exactly eleven a.m. EST June fourth. Houston, you have control. Ares One has cleared the tower.
HOUSTON [OC]: Ares One, everything looking good. You are go all the way to Mars.

(The Tardis materialises.)
PERI: We've arrived.
DOCTOR: So it would seem, Peri, yes.
PERI: Great. Do we know where we are?
DOCTOR: Not, er, not entirely. The stellarometer is still on the blink. But close to Earth, quite possibly.
PERI: How close?
DOCTOR: Oh, within a few thousand light years. It's difficult to be sure. One small step in the journey of the universe.
PERI: So probably nowhere near. Can we go outside and see?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, yes, I think so. In a moment. Let me just er check.
PERI: Not much to see. Just a wall.
DOCTOR: Nitrogen rich atmosphere, but enough oxygen to stop you feeling too homesick.
PERI: So, we won't suffocate, anyway.
DOCTOR: If we venture outside.
PERI: A nitrogen rich atmosphere could be ideal for certain plant life. You said
DOCTOR: I know, Peri, and rest assured I keep my promises. A few more checks and you can do all the studying you like.
PERI: So, is it safe?
DOCTOR: Oh, yes. Gravity's a bit low, about a third of what you're used to.
PERI: Small planet then.
DOCTOR: Depends on its mass.
PERI: Yes, I know. And how fast it's spinning, and what the core's made of.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, just don't go jumping about. You're liable to bang your head on the ceiling.
(Tardis doors open.)
DOCTOR: After you, Peri. A brave new world that you might find
(Tardis doors close.)
PERI: Urgh.
DOCTOR: A bit smelly.
PERI: Nitrous oxide. Like chemistry class.
DOCTOR: You'll soon get used to it, like chemistry class. Surprising what you can cope with if you have to.
PERI: Smelly, cold, and green. Might as well be Nebraska. Looks like we're inside a building.
DOCTOR: It's a structure of some sort. No sign of artificial lighting, though.
PERI: Some fluorescent chemical on the walls, maybe. They sort of glow.
DOCTOR: Hmm, good thought. Interesting texture, don't you think? Oh, you don't.
PERI: I'm sorry, Doctor, I was er, the floor's the same sort of material. Nothing will grow through it, that's for sure.
DOCTOR: I think you're right. Ceiling too, by the looks of it.
PERI: It's sort of mottled, translucent. Like tortoiseshell.
DOCTOR: Shell, yes, could be. No sign of plant life, but it is green. I wonder what's through

here?
PERI: Hey, wait for me!

SUSAN: (American) All systems green. We have MEM separation from the Command Module. Argosy's descent trajectory is locked.
FORBES: (American) Houston, this is Commander Forbes of Ares One. As you'll know in about four minutes, Susan Roberts has initiated Mars Excursion Module descent at nineteen oh seven GMT. Myself, Susan, Tanya and Paul are now descending in Argosy.
PAUL: (British) Hold on, we hit the atmosphere in ten. Ready, Tanya?
TANYA: (British) What if I say no, Paul?
PAUL: You can always get out and walk.
SUSAN: Webster Corporation had better be right about that heat shield modification.
TANYA: External temperature three hundred degrees and rising.
FORBES: You can write them a letter of complaint if not.
SUSAN: Very funny. I'll get the old man's niece to do it. What do you say, Tanya?
TANYA: Thanks a bundle, Susan. He'll listen to his son ahead of me.
PAUL: He never listens to me.
TANYA: External temperature five two five degrees, still rising.
SUSAN: Well, I guess having you two here is our best guarantee that the shield will hold up.
TANYA: Just one of the benefits of corporate sponsorship.
PAUL: A rather better guarantee would have been if the old man came himself.
SUSAN: Why didn't he? Seems to have sent the rest of his family.
FORBES: That's enough. Thanks to Webster's funding and NASA's technology, we're here. That's all that matters. Now, let's get Argosy down on the surface of Mars in one piece, shall we?

PERI: No door handle.
DOCTOR: There must be a door, though. Logically and aesthetically, this is where a door should be.
PERI: Perhaps we're inside a cupboard.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Big cupboard. Mind you
PERI: This looks like a sort of hand plate. Push here.
DOCTOR: Well, I did think of waving a palm over it or pressing. Obviously not. I'm a bit disappointed, I don't mind admitting.
PERI: There must be some way to get it open.
DOCTOR: The same texture as the walls. I did promise you a tour of another alien world.
(Clunk, whirr.)
DOCTOR: Now that *is* interesting.
PERI: Well done, Doctor. What did you do?
DOCTOR: Perhaps you have to keep pressing on it for a while. Come along. Let's see where this tunnel leads.
PERI: Perhaps it leads to the greenhouse.
DOCTOR: The what?
PERI: It's a joke, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh.

PAUL: Getting a bit bumpy.
TANYA: We're past one G.
FORBES: Altimeter now reading fifty thousand feet. Prepare to jettison heat shield in five, mark.
SUSAN: Or what's left of it.
FORBES: Three, two, one.
(Clunk.)
SUSAN: Jettisoned.
TANYA: Two point one Gs.
FORBES: It should ease off soon.
PAUL: Oh, thank God for that.
TANYA: You're a wimp, Paul. Now at two point nine.
FORBES: Initiate powered descent in five, mark.

TANYA: Three point two Gs.
FORBES: Two, one.
(Clicking switch rapidly.)
PAUL: Problem?
SUSAN: Negative on ignition. Descent engines have failed to fire.
(Alarm sounds.)
TANYA: I have a master alarm on descent engines.
SUSAN: Thanks, Tanya.
TANYA: Three point seven Gs
FORBES: Recycle. Try again in three, mark. Two, one.
(Roar of engines.)
SUSAN: Ignition! Decent rocket ignition at twenty three thousand feet.
(Alarm.)
PAUL: What now?
TANYA: Landing radar not getting fix.
FORBES: Give it time.
SUSAN: Time? We're eighteen thousand feet.
FORBES: And switch that thing off.
(Alarms stops.)
PAUL: MEM abort threshold is ten thousand feet, as I recall.
SUSAN: We know that, damn it.
TANYA: Down to one point eight Gs, if that helps.
FORBES: Thanks. You got a lock yet?
SUSAN: Negative.
PAUL: What the hell is that?
TANYA: What?
PAUL: Outside.
SUSAN: Looks like dust.
FORBES: We're in the middle of a dust storm. That's why the radar won't lock. It can't see through it.
PAUL: How low do we have to be before it locks on?
SUSAN: No idea. Approaching eleven thousand feet. Do we keep going? Lee?
TANYA: We can't abort under ten thousand, we'll plough into the surface if we don't get a lock.
FORBES: I know that.
SUSAN: Descent rate is one hundred fifty four feet per second.
FORBES: Okay, prepare to jettison the landing stage. Initiate mid-descent abort in three, mark.
SUSAN: Landing lock! I have radar landing lock.
TANYA: Confirmed. Radar lock at nine thousand seven hundred feet.
SUSAN: Descent rate now one hundred seventeen feet per second.
FORBES: Still a hell of a lot of dust out there. Can you see to get us down?
SUSAN: I'll let the computer do it.
TANYA: Three hundred and fifty feet.
PAUL: The dust's getting thicker.
FORBES: Guess we're all going to get beat up.
TANYA: Two hundred feet. Descent still slowing.
SUSAN: I've got some drift. The storm's blowing us sideways. Compensating.
TANYA: Fifty feet.
SUSAN: Final descent burn in three, mark. Two, one, now.
TANYA: Thirty feet.
FORBES: Contact light. We're down. Kill the engines.
SUSAN: All engines stop. Command override off. Engine alarm off. Contact alarm off.
FORBES: Houston, this is Commander Forbes. The Argosy has landed. Welcome to Mars, everyone.
PAUL: Look at it out there.
FORBES: Not bad visibility, considering it's the middle of the night.
SUSAN: Moon light, mostly. I'll get the floodlights on, too.
TANYA: Still blowing. Hey, I thought I saw something just for a minute, as the lights came on.
SUSAN: The anomaly? Hey, the computer put us down right next to it.

PERI: Here's another one, Doctor. That's seven so far.
DOCTOR: Yes, it's odd, isn't it. I wouldn't have thought it was cold enough to keep these blocks frozen.
PERI: Assuming it's water the ice is made from.
DOCTOR: True. Or maybe some super-cooling process. Can you see any pipes or wires?
PERI: Looks like there's something inside. I can't see what it is, though.
DOCTOR: They seem to be positioned in alcoves close to doorways, don't they?
PERI: Hmm. Coincidence? Or maybe there's machinery inside that works the doors?
DOCTOR: Kept frozen solid? That's funny. It won't open.
PERI: Maybe it's locked.
DOCTOR: But why lead us this far to lock us out? After all, we must be nearly there.
PERI: Almost where?
DOCTOR: Wherever it is we're going, unless we're heading away from it.
(Clunk, whirr.)
DOCTOR: I must say this whole place is fascinating. Come on.
(Footsteps.)
PERI: I don't know if it's the echo or the size, but this place reminds me of a church.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Or a castle.

PAUL: The dust's settling.
FORBES: Can't see the anomaly. It should be over. Must be that bump.
TANYA: And I was expecting a huge castle. Looks more like a hill.
SUSAN: Let's face it, it *is* a hill. Why Webster wanted to dump us in
PAUL: Ours not to reason why. NASA was happy enough to take the money and run.
SUSAN: Don't you know what your Dad's up to?
PAUL: He's an old man. A very rich old man. Allow him his little indulgences.
TANYA: Some indulgence. Tell Uncle Leo it's minus eighty here. He might have chosen a warmer spot.
PAUL: You still miffed we didn't go to Olympus Mons?
HOUSTON [OC]: Hello, Argosy. This is Houston. We have you landed within half a mile of the target drop point. Congratulations, Lee. Great work.
FORBES: Thank you, Houston. I'll pass that on to the pilot. By the time you hear this, we'll already be out on the surface.

FORBES [OC]: Okay, I'm starting down the ladder. The surface looks powdery. Dark red, of course. Guess the dust storm and our engines really churned things up.
SUSAN: We have you on visual, Lee.
FORBES [OC]: The pads have settled into the surface.
TANYA: Houston says you are go for EVA. Just thought you'd like to know.
FORBES [OC]: Thanks, Tanya. They're a few minutes behind us, as ever.
(*Minimum delay 4 minutes, maximum 24, depending on relative positions in orbit, actually.*)

FORBES: I'm at the base of the ladder now. Stepping off. This is the biggest step so far on the ladder of man's achievement.
SUSAN [OC]: You're in the history books, Lee.
PAUL [OC]: Along with those jokers from the Mars Probe fiasco. That was a waste of good money.
TANYA [OC]: Tactful as ever, Paul.
FORBES: I'm down. Turning west now, towards the anomaly. I can see it through the dust. Taking a short walk. I'll be out of the camera view. And I can see now that the anomaly is. Oh my God.

SUSAN: Commander Forbes? We're losing audio.
(Static.)
TANYA: Lee. Lee, what's going on?
PAUL: Talk to us, Commander.
SUSAN: Lee!

PERI: Doctor, are we getting anywhere?
DOCTOR: I'm beginning to wonder that myself. Hmm.
PERI: Hmm? What's hmm?
DOCTOR: This door.
PERI: Doctor, I can see my breath, and it's going green. If we stand still for much longer, I'll be frozen to the spot.
DOCTOR: I think it's an airlock. See the seals over there? And these look like decompression controls to be worked by someone or some *thing* with hands.
PERI: Big hands. Could we be under water?
DOCTOR: Possibly.
PERI: Oh, can we get it open? The air might be fresher outside this hatch, or inside it. Whatever.
DOCTOR: Well, let's see, shall we?

FORBES [OC]: Release the hatch, I'm coming in.
PAUL: Commander, what happened?
FORBES [OC]: Just unlock the hatch.
TANYA: Hatch to manual. Clamps released.
(Hatch opens.)
SUSAN: Commander. Lee.
FORBES: Wait just a minute.
TANYA: What are you doing, sir? That's the main comms system.
(Using keyboard.)
FORBES: Useless. Here, you try.
TANYA: Try what?
FORBES: Just see if you can raise Mission Control.
TANYA: Houston, this is Argosy. Respond please.
SUSAN: It'll be four minutes before
TANYA: No, it won't. There's no carrier signal. Look, nothing.
PAUL: Try the Command Module in orbit. They're closer.
SUSAN: As if it makes any difference.
TANYA: Ares One, respond please.
SUSAN: They should come back straight away.
TANYA: Ares, can you hear me? Respond.
FORBES: Nothing. Same as affected my radio on the surface.
TANYA: The dust storm?
FORBES: The anomaly.
ALL: What?
PAUL: Are you serious?
FORBES: It's a structure, a building.
SUSAN: You're kidding!
FORBES: It looks like a giant green shell.
PAUL: Organic?
FORBES: I don't know.
TANYA: What made you think that?
FORBES: I'm going back out there. Susan, I want you to suit up.
SUSAN: This I have to see.
TANYA: Me too.
FORBES: No, Tanya. You and Paul get the excursion gear out of storage. Start with the geology kits.
(Puts helmet back on.)
FORBES [OC]: And keep trying Houston.
(Hatch hisses open.)
PAUL: Stay in touch. We er, we want to know.
SUSAN [OC]: Don't worry. We all want to know.

(Martian wind whistling. Talking on helmet radios.)
FORBES: You can see why it looks like a hill.
SUSAN: It's huge. Must be, what, half a mile wide?
FORBES: At least. Then there's this.

SUSAN: It looks like a doorway, an entrance.
FORBES: That's what I thought. You reckon we can extend the docking tunnel out this far?
SUSAN: Well, distance isn't a problem, if it survives the wind. Let's do it now.
FORBES: Good idea. I can feel the cold even through the suit's insulation.
SUSAN: If we hadn't lost contact with Houston, we could get them to run a sim.
FORBES: You're not on comms back to Paul and Tanya in Argosy, are you?
SUSAN: No. Why?
FORBES: Susan, have you ever heard of the Brookings Report?

DOCTOR: Funny how sometimes they open and sometimes they don't. Wonder if they're using biometrics?
PERI: You mean checking your pulse, stuff like that?
DOCTOR: As you say, stuff like that. What I say while touching the plate perhaps.
PERI: How could it possibly
DOCTOR: Or what I think.
(Clunk, whirr.)
PERI: That did it, anyway.
DOCTOR: No I didn't. I didn't touch it.
PERI: (frightened) Doctor, what are they?
DOCTOR: Some sort of survival suit. Hello! We mean you no harm.
FORBES: Who the hell are you?

TANYA: Houston, respond please.
PAUL: You're wasting your time. Oh, that's the geology kits unpacked, anyway. All sorts of useful toys. Now, that could come in handy.
TANYA: They got the docking tube across, anyway.
PAUL: So why aren't they back on PT2? They should be able to hear us all right.
TANYA: Commander. Commander, this is Argosy. What's going on out there? What have you found?
FORBES [OC]: Give us a moment, Tanya. We have (pause) company.
PAUL: Company?

PERI: Well, we're here, aren't we?
SUSAN: Evidently.
DOCTOR: Look, can we just leave it at that for now, Commander Forbes? We will explain, I promise you.
FORBES: I'll look forward to that, Doctor. Susan, you get back to the MEM and help the others get the gear unpacked.
SUSAN: It'll take us a while.
PERI: Doctor, it's so cold here.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know, Peri. Just a moment.
SUSAN: It's close to minus a hundred out on the surface.
FORBES: We've run a docking tube across. It's not so bad in there. The air con from the MEM will keep it warmer.
PERI: The only reason my teeth aren't chattering is because they're frozen together.
SUSAN: We have a spare thermal suit you can borrow.
FORBES: Take her back to the Argosy and get her kitted out, Susan. What about you, Doctor? Are you
DOCTOR: I'm quite all right, thank you. I don't seem to feel the cold.
FORBES: Good. Then you can show me what you've found here.

SUSAN [OC]: We're on our way back through the tube, Tanya. Do you have the spare thermal suits unpacked?
TANYA: Survival gear's ready, I think. Paul?
PAUL: I'm just about to unlock the main container.
PERI [OC]: What sort of equipment do you have?
TANYA: Who's that?
SUSAN [OC]: Tanya, (sigh) don't ask.

DOCTOR: This main corridor is the one where we haven't tried. I was avoiding it, actually.
FORBES: Oh? Why is that?
DOCTOR: Well, you see how the corridors seem to converge, as if this is the centre of the structure.
FORBES: Well, seems like the place to head for.
DOCTOR: Hmm. I'm not sure I like to be led. I'm a great believer in free will. I prefer to take the scenic route, explore the by-ways and avenues, rather than just stroll along Main Street, as it were. Now, this is where it gets interesting.
FORBES: The door.
DOCTOR: As far as I can tell, you put your hand here and think pure thoughts.
FORBES: I'll let you try that.
(Clunk, whirr.)
DOCTOR: It seems my first instincts were right. This has to be the central chamber.
FORBES: You were wrong, Doctor. *This* is where it gets interesting.

SUSAN: I'll get this gear over to Commander Forbes. You follow with the first load from the container when it's ready.
TANYA: Right.
PERI: Is this the container?
TANYA: Yes, it's the main storage area.
PAUL: Give me a hand with this, will you?
FORBES [OC]: Susan?
TANYA: Tanya here, Commander. What kept you? We're just unloading.

TANYA [OC]: Susan's on her way back to you with the survival kits.
PERI [OC]: Doctor, are you all right?
PAUL [OC]: What have you found?
FORBES: I don't know. It's like a
DOCTOR: A tomb.
FORBES: You getting this, Tanya? We're in a huge central chamber, round, with alcoves.
DOCTOR: Commander Forbes.
FORBES: There's like a medieval stone tomb in the middle of it. The body is frozen over. It's noticeably colder in here, too.
DOCTOR: Take a look at this.
FORBES: It's just another huge block of ice.
DOCTOR: We found several of these all through the building, but in here there's one in each alcove.
FORBES: There must be a dozen or more of them. What are they for, ornamentation?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but Peri was right. Look, there's something inside the ice.
FORBES: Yes, you're right. Is it, is it a figure?
DOCTOR: Possibly. Is it my imagination, or is it getting warmer in here?
(Ice cracks.)
FORBES: Doctor, it's cracked right across.
DOCTOR: Definitely getting warmer.
FORBES: They're melting. Look, all of them.
DOCTOR: And quite quickly, too. Perhaps I should have packed my Wellingtons.
FORBES: Yes, look, Doctor, there's someone inside each block of ice.
TANYA [OC]: Commander, what's happening there?
FORBES: Or some thing.
PERI [OC]: Doctor? Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: Peri, can you hear me? I think you should stay over on the MEM for the moment.
PERI [OC]: Why, Doctor?
PAUL [OC]: What is it? What's going on over there?
DOCTOR: Just stay put. Everyone, stay where you are. Oh no.
FORBES: Good grief!
DOCTOR: Of course. We're on Mars. I should have realised.
(Something hisses.)

FORBES: Doctor, what are they?
DOCTOR: Ice Warriors.

[Part Two]

(A faint hissy voice speaks.)
SSTAST: The main chamber is secured, Lord Zzarl.
(A stronger, less sibilant voice replies.)
ZZARL: Good. See to the outer chambers, Sstast.
FORBES: Please, I never thought
ZZARL: This is *our* planet. Be mindful of who the aliens are.
DOCTOR: I'd advise you to be careful, Commander Forbes. It doesn't do to upset the Ice Warriors.
ZZARL: Ice Warriors. An apt description. Do you have a name, or do we also have to resort to the banality of labels and epithets?
DOCTOR: Indeed. This is Commander Forbes from Earth, and I'm the Doctor. I apologise if you took offence. It was meant merely as a description.
ZZARL: Like Commander.
DOCTOR: Er, well.
ZZARL: Or Doctor. Or tomb robbers.

PERI: Your father wanted you both to come on the expedition?
PAUL: He likes to keep control in the family. Even adopted family.
PERI: But why did NASA have to listen to him?
PAUL: Funding. NASA's practically broke. The enlightened US taxpayer might have paid through the nose to send Apollo to the Moon, but put a man on Mars? Why bother?
PERI: So your father stumped up the cash?
PAUL: Most of it.
TANYA: His money, NASA's expertise.
PERI: And the condition was that they bring you?
PAUL: That and getting them to land us close to the anomaly.
TANYA: But why, Paul? There are thousands of more interesting features on Mars. Olympus Mons is the biggest volcano in known creation and it's just across the plain.
PERI: Yes. I mean, he didn't know that this anomaly would turn out to be an alien building.
PAUL: Of course he knew. We got our fingers burned with the Mars probe missions over thirty years ago but we've sent landers and robot probes since, while we waited for NASA to get its act together.
TANYA: And brought back some soil and rocks samples. So what.
PAUL: Oh, we've brought back more than that, Tanya. Much more.
PERI: What does er, Webster Corporation do, exactly? What's your business?
TANYA: Everything.
PERI: Everything?
TANYA: Pretty much. From pharmaceuticals to investment banking, computer software to online publishing.
PERI: And what do you two do?
TANYA: I'm a geologist with the Oil Exploration Group. Paul heads up another one of the divisions.
PERI: Investment banking?
PAUL: (scoffs) Defence development. Advanced weapons systems, armament, anti-terrorist technology.
PERI: Weapons? And you knew, didn't you. You knew what was here. You want the alien technology.
TANYA: Paul, is that it?
DOCTOR [OC]: We meant no disrespect, I assure you. We're explorers, that's all.
PERI: And you think those things, whatever they are, will give it to you?
PAUL: Who says I'm going to ask?

ZZARL: If you had intended disrespect, the systems would not have granted you access.
DOCTOR: So the doors *are* biometrically controlled.

SSTAST: They are designed to open only for those whose intentions are honourable.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. Though you should know that intention and ability could be two completely different things.
(Footsteps.)
FORBES: Susan!
SSTAST: Stop!
SUSAN: No, you stop. This is loaded.
DOCTOR: Look, really, there is no need.
SUSAN: Get over here, Lee. And you, Doctor. Anyone, anything else moves and it's dead.
FORBES: Susan, what are you
SSTAST: Destroy her.
FORBES: No, wait.
(Short scream.)
FORBES: Susan.
ZZARL: My apologies. I had hoped that a demonstration of our strength would not be necessary.
FORBES: You've killed her. Susan.
DOCTOR: She couldn't have harmed you. Not with this.
SSTAST: Be careful, Doctor. What is that device?
FORBES: It's a spectographer.
DOCTOR: It uses visible stars to triangulate position. There was absolutely no need
SSTAST: Action was forced upon us. It was not excessive.
(Susan groans.)
FORBES: Doctor, she's still breathing, just.
DOCTOR: I'm not a medical doctor, I'm afraid.
ZZARL: Sstast, your action may have been precipitate.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
ZZARL: But warranted nonetheless. Doctor, I believe you were explaining the difference between ability and intention.

DOCTOR [OC]: I take the point, Lord Zzarl.
TANYA: Switch it off.
(Click.)
TANYA: Susan, they, they just
PAUL: Shot her down.
PERI: You knew, didn't you.
PAUL: What are you talking about?
PERI: You said you knew there were aliens here. You knew they'd be dangerous, killers.
PAUL: Don't be ridiculous. How could I know anything of the sort?
TANYA: Paul.
PAUL: All right, so we thought we might discover some artefact, something we could use. But not actual living aliens.
PERI: What did you expect to find, guns lying around? The odd bomb or tank, a fully armed spaceship?
PAUL: No, nothing like that.
PERI: What then?
TANYA: What did you find before?
PAUL: Just debris. Bits of some sort of organic shell. DNA.

ZZARL: Bring the woman.
FORBES: Where are you taking her?
ZZARL: She is dying, but we shall do what we can to relieve her pain.
DOCTOR: Zzarl and his Warriors are honourable, Commander. They aren't given to lying.
FORBES: I guess I have to take your word for that, Doctor.
DOCTOR: That's what trust is all about.
ZZARL: Come! We shall accompany your comrade to the treatment area.
DOCTOR: Lord Zzarl, perhaps on the way you'd tell us where we are.
ZZARL: This is the tomb of Izdaal.
FORBES: He's the guy frozen solid in the centre?
ZZARL: Izdaal was the most heroic of our people. This is his final resting place, and we are the

Guardians of his vision for our race. Come.
DOCTOR: What are you doing here? I thought you all left Mars centuries ago when the atmosphere thinned and the temperature dropped too low even for you (fades away)

PAUL: Mission Control.
TANYA: Do you think they forced the Commander to tell us to stay here?
PAUL: This is Argosy to Houston.
PERI: I don't know. The Doctor wouldn't let the Commander lie to us.
TANYA: You're sure?
PAUL: Come in please.
TANYA: You're wasting your time. There's nothing.
PAUL: There must be some reason.
PERI: The aliens, they must be blocking it.
PAUL: How?
TANYA: They weren't around when we lost contact.
PERI: So what, then? Technical glitch just at the wrong moment? That's got to be too handy.
TANYA: What do you mean?
PAUL: She means it's deliberate, intentional.
PERI: Tanya, if you wanted to sabotage the communications, what would you do? How would you make sure there was no contact with Earth?
TANYA: I'd er, I don't know.
PERI: Think. There must be something.
TANYA: I er, I suppose I'd reset the master cut-out and assign a new password. That way it couldn't, couldn't be rebooted.
PERI: That's it, isn't it.
PAUL: Well, is it?
TANYA: I don't know. Maybe.
PERI: Maybe?
TANYA: The master cut-out tripped. That isn't supposed to be possible. I'm rebooting now. It's asking for the password.
PERI: Which is?
TANYA: (typing) Argosy.
PERI: Access denied.
PAUL: So what does that mean?
TANYA: It means either Commander Forbes or Pilot Roberts deliberately cut us off.
PERI: But why?

ZZARL: I have sent Sstast to escort your comrades here.
FORBES: You're worried they might escape?
ZZARL: My concern is for their safety. There are many traps in this place.
FORBES: Isn't that a bit odd for a tomb?
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. Think of ancient Egypt. You worried about grave-robbers, Zzarl?
ZZARL: Amongst other things. Take the woman to be treated. We can join her later. Doctor, Commander.
(Clunk whirr of door opening.)
ZZARL: See here.
DOCTOR: Fascinating.
FORBES: It's like a museum. Statues, weapons.
DOCTOR: That's craftsmanship. Look at the ceremonial dagger.
ZZARL: You are standing in the Hall of Memories. This wall depicts the building of this monument.
FORBES: I thought it was a tomb.
ZZARL: A tomb and monument both. This is the final resting place of our greatest leader.
DOCTOR: Yes, so you said, but you haven't told us why he is so revered. The construction effort depicted here is extraordinary.
ZZARL: He foresaw the coming of the end for our planet, and made ready.
DOCTOR: The change in atmosphere?
ZZARL: And the fall in temperature. Izdaal predicted the coming of the Red Dawn, and organised the evacuation.
FORBES: The Red Dawn?

ZZARL: It was the Red Dawn that killed him. A noble death. He died to save us. This is his ceremonial sword. When I was still young, he placed it on my shoulder and made me a Lord.
DOCTOR: The ceremony of Zantella.
ZZARL: You know something of our history, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I know that Zantella is the greatest pinnacle of nobility a Warrior can achieve.
ZZARL: Nobility and honour. My proudest moment was when Izdaal made me Lord Commander of his Personal Guard.
DOCTOR: So you stayed here to protect his resting place. You sacrificed your own lives, or so you thought.
ZZARL: Nothing so melodramatic, Doctor. This is our world. It is right that we should maintain an interest in it.
FORBES: Worried we might steal it from you?
ZZARL: Life was already developing on Earth. Primitive, early life then. But it is useful to maintain a link.
DOCTOR: Looking out for the neighbours, eh? But you must also know how rich Earth is in minerals. If I were a sceptic, I might think you were waiting for an opportune moment to exploit that fact, hmm?
ZZARL: The environment on Earth was unsuitable for us. But I do not deny that a treaty might be in our interests. Earth has much to offer us.
FORBES: So that's it.
ZZARL: As we have much to offer you.
FORBES: And what exactly do you reckon you have that we might want?
ZZARL: At the moment, your lives.

(Thumping outside.)
PAUL: What's that?
TANYA: It's one of those things. It's in the docking tube, trying to get in.
PERI: It's asking us to let it in. It's knocking on the door.
PAUL: Then let's open the hatch. Wait a moment. Right, ready.
TANYA: What are you doing with that, Paul?
PERI: What is it?
TANYA: Oxygen cylinder. Hatch released. Doubt it's much of a weapon.
PERI: That depends on what you're used to breathing.
(Hatch opens, Ice Warrior breathing.)
SSTAST: You will come with me.
PERI: It's huge!
TANYA: Fantastic!
SSTAST: Now. Lord Zzarl orders it.
PAUL: Then he should have said please.
SSTAST: You must come.
PAUL: I don't think so.
(Hiss of gas.)
PAUL: Grab his arm. Don't let him aim that thing.
TANYA: Turn it off, Paul. What are you
PAUL: Just grab him.
PERI: I've got it!
(Tanya screams. Crash.)
PAUL: That's got him. More used to nitrogen, are you? Down you go!
(Hit with oxygen cylinder.)
TANYA: I felt that. What was that for?
PAUL: Coup de grâce.
TANYA: You okay, Peri?
PERI: Oh, I'll live. What do we do now?
PAUL: To start with, let's get this thing off his arm. I wonder how it works?
TANYA: There's a trigger mechanism under the main assembly, there.
PERI: How do you know?
TANYA: I, I can see it, I suppose.
PAUL: I'll try it later.
PERI: Oh, I've got a bad feeling about this.
TANYA: Paul, she's right. What are you thinking of?

PAUL: Thinking of? Alien material like that? Technology like this? In case you haven't got the message yet, Tanya, this is what we came for. This is what it's all about.

(Regular beeps.)
FORBES: How is she?
ZZARL: We have increased the flow of endorphins to her brain. She will not suffer.
FORBES: Oh, Susan.
DOCTOR: Zzarl, you must have believed you were making the ultimate sacrifice. You couldn't know that anyone come and trigger the process that thawed you out.
ZZARL: There was always that risk, but we never doubted that someone would come, that the tests would eventually yield up a lifeform as honourable and noble as our own.
FORBES: And here we are.
ZZARL: At last.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, let's not count our chickens.
FORBES: Not looking good. Can't you do anything?
ZZARL: She absorbed too much sonic energy. She is dying.
FORBES: Oh, Susan. I should never have brought you here.
ZZARL: My condolences, Commander.
DOCTOR: Look, because one person passes these tests, that's not a guarantee that everyone's intentions are pure.
ZZARL: But it does suggest the potential. Despite appearances, there is an affinity between us, Doctor.
FORBES: You think so? She's dying while we just stand here talking about honour and intentions, doing nothing.
ZZARL: There is always the possibility of misunderstanding. You have my apologies for that.
(Long single tone.)
ZZARL: We will bury her well. She died as a Warrior should.
FORBES: She wasn't a Warrior.
ZZARL: You are mistaken, Commander. In one way or another we are all Warriors.

DOCTOR [OC]: Peri, one of the Warriors, Sstast, is coming over to escort you back here.
PERI: Er, yes, Doctor, we know. He's already arrived.
DOCTOR [OC]: Good. Then come over with him.
TANYA: We er, we may have a problem with that one, Doctor.
DOCTOR [OC]: Sstast won't harm you. The Ice Warriors are an honourable race. I have the word of Lord Zzarl.
PERI: Doctor, that's not what she meant.
PAUL: Give me that. Are you listening out there? We've got your precious Warrior right here, and that's where he's staying.
ZZARL [OC]: What do you mean? What has happened to Sstast?
PAUL: He had a slight disagreement with an oxygen cylinder> But don't worry, we'll make sure he comes to no more harm, provided you keep away from us.
DOCTOR [OC]: Now listen to me. The Warriors have more power than you can
(Communication cut off.)
PERI: What are you doing? Call him back! The Doctor
PAUL: The Doctor can stay with his alien friends. We have what we need.
PERI: You don't have a clue what we need. What gives you the right to
PAUL: This does.
TANYA: The Warrior's gun.
PERI: You don't know how to use it.
PAUL: You want to take a bet on that? Now, get some spare cable. I want that thing tied up so tight it can't move.
TANYA: Paul.
PAUL: Now.

DOCTOR: Lord Zzarl, I'm sorry
ZZARL: Be silent. One of my Warriors is threatened, captured while we were tending your fallen comrade. Is this the honour and nobility you said you prize, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Lord Zzarl, I

ZZARL: Is this the action of a race that deserves to survive?
FORBES: Webster isn't acting on anyone's orders, except maybe his father's.
DOCTOR: Peri won't go along with that.
FORBES: Nor will Tanya.
ZZARL: That is irrelevant. Sstast is his prisoner.
DOCTOR: Of course, you're worrying about his safety.
ZZARL: So, Doctor, you do not really understand us. I am worried about his honour.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure things are going terribly well.
FORBES: What will he do?
DOCTOR: He's conferring with his officers. I imagine they'll rescue Sstast if they can.
FORBES: And if they can't?
DOCTOR: Lord Zzarl, look, I'm sure we can sort this out without any further misunderstanding.
ZZARL: There is no misunderstanding, Doctor. My Warriors have their orders.
DOCTOR: No. Wait.
ZZARL: Sskann, Zizmar, go.
WARRIORS: Yes, Lord Zzarl.
(Door opens.)
FORBES: Where are they going?
DOCTOR: If Sstast remains a hostage, he puts his comrades at a disadvantage. That's what you meant about his honour, isn't it, Zzarl?
FORBES: So what will they do?
ZZARL: If they cannot rescue Sstast, they will make certain he has an honourable death.
DOCTOR: They'll destroy the Mars Module and everyone in it.
FORBES: Tanya!
DOCTOR: And Peri.

PERI: Oh, you're mad.
PAUL: Shut up, and sit down. I want you strapped in.
TANYA: The Warriors will see this as a act of war.
PAUL: Oh yes? And what gives you insight into their way of thinking?
TANYA: It's obvious.
PERI: Tanya's right. They'll want their Warrior back at any cost.
PAUL: An interstellar war. Now there's a thought.
PERI: A thought?
PAUL: With the Corporation ideally placed to trade.
PERI: Trade what?
PAUL: Alien technology. We could even sell our own technology to the aliens.
PERI: Sell your own secrets?
PAUL: There are no secrets, only commodities.
PERI: And what's this commodity for?
PAUL: The Warrior? He's the final link. The last ingredient.
TANYA: In what, Paul?
PAUL: You really don't know, do you. We have everything we need now. With Verncop's cloning technology and the DNA synthesis techniques we acquired when we bought Bionet
PERI: What's he talking about?
PAUL: Imagine it. Cloned armoured soldiers, biologically, mechanically enhanced with alien DNA and technology.
PERI: Oh, no.
PAUL: Earth Warriors.

WARRIOR 1: The hatchway is sealed.
WARRIOR 2: Then we must use force.
(Sonic weapons.)

(Knocking on the hatch.)
PERI: I can smell burning.
TANYA: Look, the hatch. It's red hot.
PAUL: Let's get out of here.
PERI: What do you mean?

TANYA: You can't be serious.
PAUL: If that hatch burns through, we're not going anywhere, not ever.
TANYA: But if we take off now, we're leaving Commander Forbes with the aliens.
PERI: And the Doctor.
PAUL: You think I care about them? We have to get this creature back home. I'll link up with the Command Module. It's not a problem.
PERI: Not a problem?
PAUL: Initiating launch sequence.
PERI: No!
PAUL: Tanya, do it.
TANYA: No, Paul. We can't just leave them here.
PAUL: Then I'll do it myself.
TANYA: No!
PERI: Don't touch the controls!
(Thump. Peri cries out.)
PAUL: Lift off in five.
TANYA: We can't. The hatch won't take it. They're almost through.
PAUL: Two, one.
PERI: No!
PAUL: Ignition.
(Engines fire.)

FORBES: They're taking off!
ZZARL: My Warriors.
DOCTOR: Peri. Oh, Peri.

PERI: Doctor! Oh, Doctor.
PAUL: We have lift-off.
TANYA: Engines at full capacity. On course to Mars orbit insertion.
PAUL: Yes!

WARRIOR: They have launched, Lord Zzarl.
ZZARL: They cannot be allowed to take Sstast.
FORBES: And how are you gonna stop them?
ZZARL: Prepare the Defence Chamber. Arm all systems.
WARRIOR: Yes, Lord Zzarl.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Defence Chamber? Let's not do anything precipitate, hmm? Come on, Commander. I think we'd better follow them.

(Alarm.)
WARRIOR: Systems activated. Defensive measures have been initiated. We are tracking the Earth vessel.
ZZARL: Acquire the target. Sstast deserves an honourable death.
DOCTOR: No, you can't. There are innocent people up there, Zzarl.
ZZARL: I know. My Adjutant is one of them.
FORBES: What you gonna do?
WARRIOR: They are approaching escape velocity. (alarm) Target acquired. Weapons systems locking on.
FORBES: Weapons systems? I thought this was a tomb.
DOCTOR: It's a warrior's tomb.
ZZARL: And our Warriors defend themselves.
DOCTOR: This isn't the way. Believe me, I can't let you
ZZARL: I warn you, Doctor. Do not interfere.
DOCTOR: Zzarl, listen to me! Please, you have to stop this.
WARRIOR: Target locked.
DOCTOR: No!
ZZARL: Fire!

[Part Three]

PAUL: How did you get free?
TANYA: I released her.
PAUL: Great. What the hell are you doing?
PERI: Untying him. I've had enough of this.
TANYA: When he comes round
PAUL: Leave him. I mean it. Listen.
PERI: No, you listen. I've had enough of this. If we free him, then when he comes round we might just be able to explain what's going on.
PAUL: We don't have to explain anything.
PERI: We're going back for the Doctor and Commander Forbes.
PAUL: Are you mad?
PERI: Me? Am I mad? You're the one waving the Ice Warrior's gun around.
PAUL: That's right. Don't forget it. Now leave him and get back in your seat.
TANYA: Peri, I think he's serious.
PAUL: Leave him.
PERI: Okay. Okay. You're in charge.
PAUL: Damned right I am. Now, I don't want to hear another. Shh.
TANYA: What's that?
PERI: It sounds like a
(Alarm.)
TANYA: Collision alarm.
PERI: They're trying to shoot us down!
PAUL: Can't you shut that noise up?
TANYA: That noise is telling us what's wrong. Peri, read me the text under each flashing button, then press to reset.
PERI: Okay. Where do I start?
PAUL: Who cares?
TANYA: Can you fly this thing?
PAUL: Well
TANYA: Then shut up and leave it to someone who can. Start top left, one across.
PERI: Main bus B.
TANYA: Hell.
PERI: O2.
PAUL: The oxygen tanks.
PERI: Comms guidance control.
PAUL: We're spiralling.
TANYA: I know.
PERI: Attitude adjustment Radar lock.
TANYA: Collision alarm.
PERI: Incoming missile.
PAUL: Hell, I can see it.
TANYA: Hold tight.
(Boom.)
PAUL: We're venting something. I can see steam out there.
TANYA: It's the oxygen.
PERI: Low fuel alert. Navicom. (hiss) Is that the oxygen leak I can hear?
TANYA: What?
PERI: That hissing sound.
TANYA: If you can hear it, we're dead. Come on, come on, Argosy. You can do it.
PAUL: The Warrior, he's waking up.
PERI: No, put the gun down.
(Struggle)
PAUL: Get off me. Don't be stupid.
(Clatter.)
PAUL: Idiot. I could have shot him. Now he's breaking loose.
PERI: No, leave him!
SSTAST: I shall be free.
PAUL: You've loosened the cords, you stupid woman. He'll kill us all.

TANYA: Paul, keep away from him. You can't
PAUL: Hold it right oh!
PERI: It's killed him!
SSTAST: He will recover. You will land this vessel.
TANYA: I'll be lucky if I can keep it in one piece. Peri, shut those alarms off.
PERI: Want to know what they say?
TANYA: Everything's stuffed, that's what they say.
SSTAST: Our sonic torpedoes will disrupt your systems.
PERI: Yeah, we noticed. (alarms stop) Can we make orbit?
TANYA: I don't know.

WARRIOR: Their space vessel is crippled. Shall we fire again?
FORBES: This is murder. Cold-blooded.
DOCTOR: You forget they *are* cold-blooded. But he's right, Zzarl. You can't just
(Alarm.)
WARRIOR: Missile armed and ready.
ZZARL: Destroy them.
DOCTOR: No!
ZZARL: Doctor, this is not our choice. They brought it on themselves. Prepare to fire.
DOCTOR: The noble tradition of tit for tat. Give me your communicator.
FORBES: What?
DOCTOR: Your communicator. Quickly, Commander.
WARRIOR: Target locked. On your command, Lord Zzarl.
FORBES: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Adjusting the frequency. We don't have much time. There, that should do it.
FORBES: What are you playing at?
(High pitched whine.)
WARRIOR: The noise! What is that noise?
ZZARL: Doctor, shut off that device.
DOCTOR: Not until you stand down your weapon systems.
ZZARL: (in pain) Never! No surrender. Fire the missile.
WARRIOR: (suffering) Lord, I cannot, cannot.
FORBES: Are they dying?
DOCTOR: Just uncomfortable, I hope.
(Turns off noise.)
DOCTOR: Now then, let's discuss how we get that ship down safely, shall we?
ZZARL: That device.
DOCTOR: Just a communicator. Here, catch.
FORBES: Doctor, you can't hand it over to them.
DOCTOR: I just did.
ZZARL: (recovered) Thank you, Doctor. I believe that this is yours, Commander Forbes. I suggest you use it to contact your comrades.
FORBES: You're calling off the attack?
ZZARL: The Doctor has defeated us, and shown mercy. The least that we can do is to return his trust.

FORBES [OC]: Mars to Argosy. What's your situation?
SSTAST: You may answer them.
PERI: Thanks, I was going to. I think desperate pretty much says it.
TANYA: We've lost main bus B, power levels are critical. Engines past tolerance, and we're venting oxygen like a burst balloon.
PERI: That's what I said.
ZZARL [OC]: What of my Warrior?
PERI: The Warrior is, well, he's a bit groggy but he's okay. Webster's out cold.
SSTAST: I am in command here, Lord Zzarl.
TANYA: Lee, what are our options?
PERI: Apart from dying up here, that is.
TANYA: There's no way we can make MOI.

ZZARL: Sstast will assume control of your vessel.
FORBES: No way. It belongs to NASA, to Earth.
ZZARL: Your ship is dying.
DOCTOR: Be quiet, both of you. Let's worry about getting them down safely, instead of petty protocol, hmm? Now, what's MOI?
FORBES: Mars Orbital Insertion.
DOCTOR: She's saying they won't make escape velocity.
ZZARL: Then they will crash.
TANYA [OC]: What can we do, Lee?
DOCTOR: Listen, we're going to talk you down. You have to make a landing.
TANYA [OC]: You're kidding! We're breaking up already. We've got no landing radar, no altitude control, and we're running out of air.
PERI [OC]: Don't let's waste time talking about it, let's just do it.
DOCTOR: Well said, Peri. That's the spirit. Right, Commander, what do they need to do?
FORBES: Doctor, I don't know.
DOCTOR: What?
FORBES: Their systems are shot to hell. They're probably just out of fuel. Susan was the mission pilot. Hell, I just fly planes.
ZZARL: The sonic disruption will have affected their instruments.
FORBES: You're saying that they can't trust them?
DOCTOR: No. No, he's not. He's saying they may be in better shape than they think. Peri. Peri, are you still there?
PERI [OC]: Where do you think I might be, Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: We're going to talk you down.
TANYA: Getting down isn't the problem.
DOCTOR [OC]: Listen, your instruments aren't reliable. You're in better shape than the instruments say.
PERI: We know that.
DOCTOR [OC]: You do?
PERI: Yeah. The instruments say we're dead.
FORBES [OC]: Do you have retros?
PERI: The instruments say we do, but we're not relying on them.
(Alarm sounds.)
PERI: O2 tank 3, whatever that means.
TANYA: Better get suited up. It means we're breathing fumes.

FORBES: Now listen up. I want you to use the retros to turn Argosy, flip her over.
TANYA [OC]: Is that our best shot?
FORBES: You're out of time, Tanya. You need a retro burn of about six second.
DOCTOR: Can they hear us?
FORBES: Push to talk, so not right now, no.
DOCTOR: What are their chances?
FORBES: Slim to zero.
ZZARL: This vessel.
DOCTOR: What about it?
ZZARL: It is a re-entry vehicle as well as an Orbital Excursion Module?
FORBES: Oh hell, I hadn't thought of that.
DOCTOR: You mean they have no heat shield?
FORBES: Not in the ascent stage. They weren't supposed to come down through the atmosphere, Doctor.
ZZARL: If they are too close to achieving orbit, they will burn up on re-entry.

TANYA: What's to keep us from smashing into bits when we hit?
FORBES [OC]: You can use the retros to slow the descent.
PERI: If there's any fuel left.
TANYA: We can rotate them.
FORBES [OC]: If you have a better idea, then I'd go with it.
TANYA: Thanks. You, Sstast, you watch through there and tell me when the planet surface is

directly above us.
PERI: What do you want me to do?
TANYA: I want you to time the burn.
PERI: Six seconds.
TANYA: Right. Count down for me from three. You ready, Sstast?
SSTAST: Ready.
PERI: Okay then, here we go. Three, two, one, go.
(Engines fire.)
PERI: One, two
SSTAST: The surface is not yet visible.
PERI: Three, four
TANYA: The retro thrust isn't sufficient.
PERI: Six. All right, I've got fifty three percent.
TANYA: We need another burn.
PERI: How long?
TANYA: As long as it takes.
PERI: But we're shaking to pieces as it is.
TANYA: Peri, I know, all right? It's up to you, Sstast.
SSTAST: I understand.
PERI: Okay. Three, two, one, now! One, two, three, four, five
SSTAST: Planet is becoming visible.
PERI: Six.
TANYA: Tell me when.
PERI: Seven.
SSTAST: Soon.
PERI: Eight! Nine! Ten!
SSTAST: Stop engines.
PERI: Now what?
TANYA: Now we crash.
DOCTOR [OC]: You're looking good. You'll need to rotate all retros and fire and three hundred feet. You should have enough fuel.
TANYA: How'd you know that?
PERI: He's guessing.
TANYA: Oh, great. Read me off the altitude.
PERI: Eleven thousand feet. We're falling fast. It's already nine thousand feet!

WARRIOR: Calculating point of impact.
DOCTOR: I don't like the sound of that.
ZZARL: What is the estimated point of impact?
WARRIOR: The main chamber of the Tomb.
FORBES: What? You mean they're coming down, here?
DOCTOR: Straight up, straight down, right on top of us.

PERI: Three thousand feet. Two thousand eight hundred.
TANYA: Getting some turbulence.
SSTAST: We are drifting.
PERI: Two thousand three hundred. Passing two thousand feet now. Rate of descent is two hundred and twelve feet per second.
TANYA: This had better work.

WARRIOR: Point of impact shifting.
ZZARL: They are drifting.
FORBES: The MEM's very light. It's taking quite a buffeting.
DOCTOR: Let's hope that's all it takes.
ZZARL: They will impact close to our ship.
FORBES: You have a ship of your own?
ZZARL: Of course. Doctor, Commander Forbes, will you accompany us?

DOCTOR: I'll need a survival suit. It's too cold out there even for me, I'm afraid.
FORBES: You can use Susan's. I guess she won't be needing it now.

PERI: One thousand feet.
TANYA: Ready.
PERI: Six hundred feet.
TANYA: Brace yourselves.
PERI: Four hundred, three fifty, three hundred feet now.
(Engines fire.)
PERI: Two hundred feet. One hundred and fifty. We're slowing! Down to forty three feet per second. Thirty six feet per second.
SSTAST: Surface details visible.
PERI: One hundred feet now. Twenty one feet per second. Fifteen and we're fifty feet up.
TANYA: Come on, Argosy. Come on.
PERI: Thirty feet to go.
SSTAST: We are close to our ship.
PERI: Fuel's gone!
TANYA: We're dropping.
SSTAST: Brace for impact.

(Whee thud! Crashing of rolling metal. Whistling wind. Crunch of boots on the gritty surface. The Doctor and Forbes speak through helmet radios.)
FORBES: There it is.
DOCTOR: Looks intact, more or less.
FORBES: Just as long as they've suited up. If there's a leak, they'll lose whatever air they have left.
DOCTOR: Mmm, it's none too warm.
FORBES: Minus eighty three Celsius. No sign of life down there. Might get up to minus three when dawn breaks.
DOCTOR: Almost tropical. I imagine it suits you though, Zzarl.
ZZARL: It is too cold even for us, Doctor. We could not survive more than a few days. And the atmosphere has thinned. A planet needs water to support life. Our world is dead.

(Peri and Tanya are speaking through helmet radios.)
PERI: Oh, that was quite a bump.
TANYA: If you can walk away from it, it doesn't matter how big the bump is.
PERI: We haven't walked away yet.
TANYA: Beautiful out there, isn't it?
PERI: I never thought I'd be so pleased to see red rocks, freezing cold temperatures, and poisonous atmospheres. Your friend's waking up.
TANYA: He's not my friend, just family. You can't blame me for human nature.
PERI: What?
TANYA: I mean, what was done.
PAUL: What, er, where
(Paul speaks through a helmet radio.)
SSTAST: Do not move. You are my prisoner.
PERI: Ease up, Sstast. He's not going anywhere.
SSTAST: You are all my prisoners.
PERI: Oh.

ZZARL: Open the vessel.
WARRIOR: Yes, Lord Zzarl.
(Hatch creaks open.)
DOCTOR: Peri? Peri, are you all right?
PERI: Yes, Doctor, we're fine.
ZZARL: Sstast, bring out the prisoners.
FORBES: Prisoners? Now hang on.
ZZARL: They have attacked my Warrior.
SSTAST: Lord Zzarl, shall I execute them now?

PERI: Execute?
DOCTOR: You can't.
ZZARL: Silence! You have attacked us when we were at peace. You have captured and held prisoner one of my Warriors.
DOCTOR: Zzarl, they are not all to blame. Send them home. They can't harm you now. Let the human justice system deal with this.
SSTAST: My honour has been compromised.
ZZARL: There is honour in being merciful, Sstast. There is dignity in forgiveness, just as it is noble to exact revenge. The Doctor knows that.
SSTAST: Yes, Lord Zzarl.
ZZARL: We will take these humans back to the Tomb, then we shall send them home. Perhaps.
FORBES: We have a Command Module in orbit. You can transfer us to that.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Lord Zzarl. A noble deed.
ZZARL: Be silent, Doctor. Take care that you do not exhaust what remains of my patience.

(Walking without helmets.)
TANYA: It's magnificent.
ZZARL: I am glad that you appreciate our architecture.
PAUL: So this is your Great Warrior. What's his name?
DOCTOR: Please try to be quiet, Mister Webster.
FORBES: I think you're in enough trouble as it is.
PAUL: It seems a reasonable question. He's obviously important to our alien friends.
ZZARL: Stop that now! Sstast!
SSTAST: You will move away from the Tomb.
PAUL: All right, all right. Can't say it's a very pleasant sight anyway. What happened to his skin, charred and torn away.
FORBES: Just leave it, Webster.
PAUL: You still haven't said what his name was.
TANYA: He's Izdaal, the greatest of leaders.
PAUL: Somehow I thought you would know.
TANYA: How *did* you know?
PAUL: I expect you know what this is?
ZZARL: Restrain him.
DOCTOR: No, wait. What is it he's holding, Tanya?
TANYA: The charge from the geology kit. He was unpacking them earlier before Sstast
ZZARL: A weapon.
SSTAST: Destroy him.
PAUL: I wouldn't do that. If I die, you can kiss goodbye to your great Warrior leader.
FORBES: The charge can be detonated remotely, using ultrasound.
DOCTOR: And he's right, the Warrior's guns might well set it off.
PERI: But it's just a tomb, a body.
DOCTOR: Er, Peri
ZZARL: It is Izdaal, and we are sworn to protect him, living or dead.
PAUL: I take it I have your attention?
FORBES: You do.
PAUL: That's good. Now, back off. No, not you, Doctor. You're my insurance. And you, Tanya.
DOCTOR: What makes you think we care what you do with their monument?
PAUL: Oh, I think you do care, Doctor. I'm sure Tanya does. Now get over there or I'll detonate the charge.
DOCTOR: So much for bluffing. Come on, Tanya.
ZZARL: Release them or we fire.
PAUL: Destroy your precious chieftain's mortal remains? I think not.
DOCTOR: Consider what you're doing, Webster.
PAUL: I've set the remote for the charge and I'm going to leave it here, by his head. There's a trembler mechanism, so I wouldn't try to remove it.
ZZARL: What do you want?
PAUL: Your ship. We're going out on the surface, myself, the Doctor and Tanya. Once there, I'll throw away the detonator, but not until we're safely on the way to your ship.
ZZARL: How do I know you will not detonate the charge once you are at our ship.

PAUL: Oh, you don't. But I gather you're big on trust, so you can trust me.
FORBES: (sotto) The detonator has a limited range, Lord Zzarl. Get him far enough away from here and it's safe.
PAUL: Now, how do you propose to get us there? I don't fancy a long walk. My hand might get tired, if you know what I mean.
SSTAST: The mobile cannon.
PAUL: What?
ZZARL: We have a, an armoured vehicle.
DOCTOR: No, wait, this is not
PAUL: That will do just fine. I suggest you get it ready.
ZZARL: Very well.
PAUL: And I suggest, Doctor, that you come quietly. I will kill you if I have to.

(Back to helmet radios.)
FORBES: It looks almost like a tank.
PERI: That figures. Webster's an arms dealer, after all.
FORBES: Is there nothing you can do, Lord Zzarl?
ZZARL: Nothing yet, until we have the detonator.
PAUL [OC]: Here you are. Don't say I never keep my word.
PERI: He's thrown out the detonator.
FORBES: He knows it'll be out of range soon anyway. The question now is, can he get that thing moving.

DOCTOR: Good. Well, now you've got rid of that, how about letting us go?
PAUL: No way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Come on, this is ridiculous. You have no means of escape and nothing to keep us here.
PAUL: I mean it, Doctor. We will use their ship.
DOCTOR: You won't be able to fly it any more than you can drive this thing.
PAUL: Oh, you'd be surprised what Tanya here can manage.
TANYA: Me? But how
DOCTOR: Come on, Tanya. Time we were going, I think.
PAUL: I think not.
TANYA: Great. Sstast's gun. Forgot about that.
PAUL: I've had enough of your insults and your prattling, Doctor. I don't need you now. Can you feel that? Is the metal as cold as the Warrior's armour, Doctor? Is it so cold it burns your cheek.
DOCTOR: Look, why don't we discuss this like sensible, rational beings.
PAUL: Is it?
TANYA: Paul, don't.
(Sonic hum.)
PAUL: It's time to say goodbye, Doctor.
(Sonic hum grows louder.)

[Part Four]

PAUL: Just so we know where we stand, Doctor. Now it really is time to say goodbye. Wave to your friends. After all, you won't be seeing them again, ever.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, I will. You won't succeed, Webster. People like you never succeed.
PAUL: Get inside, and I mean it, Doctor. One wrong move, one hint of trouble, one more misjudged insult, and I will blow your head clean off.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Peri. I'll see you.

(Main hatch closes. Helmets have been removed.)
PAUL: Get to the controls, both of you.
DOCTOR: What makes you think I can drive this thing?
PAUL: I don't, Doctor. I think Tanya can.
TANYA: Oh, you have to be joking. I can't. I've never seen anything like this.
PAUL: Oh, you'll manage, Tanya. Look at it. It will make sense to you. Think about it, but not

for too long.
DOCTOR: If you open the hatch, I'm sure I can persuade Zzarl to send you home.
PAUL: No, we do this on my terms. Quickly, Tanya, or the Doctor dies.
DOCTOR: You can't expect her to
PAUL: You know nothing, Doctor. She'll get this thing working.
TANYA: I don't know how to.
PAUL: You closed the hatch.
TANYA: That was just instinct, a lucky guess.
PAUL: Then trust to your instinct. Your Martian instinct.

(Sonic weapon whirring.)
PERI: Hurry, please.
SSTAST: The hatch is resistant to our weapons. This is an armoured vehicle.
PERI: But you have to get them out of there.
ZZARL: We shall. It is just a matter of time.
PERI: Time? Anything could be happening. They could drive off.
SSTAST: They do not have the expertise to pilot the vehicle.
PERI: Webster could kill the Doctor.
ZZARL: Nobody is going to kill the Doctor. You have my word.
FORBES: Thank you, Lord Zzarl. We know that you'll do everything that you can.
PERI: But I don't
FORBES: Come on, Peri. Best to keep out of the way and let them deal with this.
(Rumble.)
PERI: What's happening?
SSTAST: They are starting the engines.

TANYA: I think I've done it. Activating main drive engines.
PAUL: I knew you had it in you.
DOCTOR: You must be lucky. This is an incredibly complex piece of technology.
PAUL: I don't believe in luck, Doctor. I only bet on certainties.
DOCTOR: Have you done this before, Tanya?
TANYA: Of course not, but it seems to look familiar, like the Warrior's gun.
PAUL: Less talk. Get on with it.
TANYA: Right, let's see if I can get it moving.
DOCTOR: You have to stop this, Tanya. If you guess wrong, you'll probably blow us to pieces.

SSTAST: They have started the main engines. We must activate the cut-out now.
ZZARL: Do so.
FORBES: What are you doing?
ZZARL: There is an emergency cut-out in the main engine assembly. Sstast has sent a Warrior to activate it.
FORBES: Actually inside the engine housing?
PERI: They're about to drive off!
SSTAST: Lord Zzarl, Razzburr is reporting.
PERI: Is there time?
ZZARL: Perhaps not.
RAZZBURR [OC]: Approaching cut-off. Ah! It is hot. So hot, sir.
ZZARL: But nevertheless, it must be done.
(Boom of engine ignition.)

TANYA: Engines lit and running.
PAUL: My only regret is that we couldn't take one of those Warriors with us.
DOCTOR: I feel so sorry for you.
PAUL: But I have the next best thing, don't you think, Doctor?

RAZZBURR [OC]: I have located the cut-out.
PERI: He'll never make it.
RAZZBURR [OC]: Activating cut-out now. Argh!
FORBES: Too late.

PERI: They're moving.
FORBES: Back, back, get out of its way.
PERI: There they go.
FORBES: That's it, then.
PERI: The engines have stopped!
FORBES: They're stopping.
PERI: The cut-out must have worked.
ZZARL: The systems take several seconds to shut down safely.
PERI: So, now they're stuck right in the middle of the plain?
ZZARL: We shall return to the Defence Chamber and contact them from there.
PERI: You're going to talk to them?
ZZARL: We shall negotiate from strength.

DOCTOR: Give it up, Webster. Can't you see it's over?
TANYA: What are you going to do, Paul?
PAUL: Negotiate.
DOCTOR: Negotiate? With what? There's no way you're getting off this planet now. You won't even make it to their ship. What do you have that Zzarl might want?
PAUL: Let's start with you, Doctor, and Tanya.
DOCTOR: Tanya?
PAUL: When he knows who and what she is.
TANYA: What are you talking about, Paul? What do you mean?
PAUL: Don't forget this is an armoured tank. We're in a good position. We over look the anomaly from here.
DOCTOR: They won't negotiate. They're warriors. Fighting is what they understand, what they *live* for.
TANYA: And honour, Doctor.
PAUL: We shall see, Doctor. We shall see.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, if nothing else we have a good view from up here.
TANYA: You mean of the Tomb?
DOCTOR: I mean of the sunrise across the plain.
PAUL: The dawn of a new age, a new technological order.

SSTAST: Their position is defensible. They overlook our position.
PERI: I thought you were going to negotiate.
ZZARL: Options?
SSTAST: We should deploy a sonic charge. Destroy the vehicle.
FORBES: And the people inside?
SSTAST: Would also be destroyed.
PERI: What about Tanya and the Doctor?
SSTAST: They threaten this Tomb. They have heavy armaments trained on us. We must destroy them before they attack us. The loss of other lives is regrettable.
PERI: But you promised the Doctor wouldn't be harmed.
ZZARL: There is more to honour than winning, Sstast.
SSTAST: Yes, Lord Zzarl.
ZZARL: There is nobility, integrity, the value of your promises.
SSTAST: But honour counts for nothing if we are defeated.
ZZARL: That is true also.
SSTAST: Deploy the sonic charge, Lord Zzarl? The human has left us no choice.
PERI: So much for negotiation.

DOCTOR: So, what's the plan, Mister Webster? Sit here until the oxygen runs out?
TANYA: We can use the oxygen in our suits when the air runs out in here, but it won't last long.
PAUL: They'll call us.
DOCTOR: Are you sure?
PAUL: We have their vehicle. When they want it, they'll call.
TANYA: They might just wait until they can come and get it.
PAUL: Not if they think we might fire at them, at that precious Tomb.
DOCTOR: You were expecting to find evidence of aliens here, weren't you. That's why you

came. Why Webster financed the mission.
PAUL: Of course.
TANYA: And that's why Uncle Leo insisted on a landing site beside the anomaly.
PAUL: It's why he insisted on sending *you.*
TANYA: Me?
DOCTOR: He sent Tanya because of her geological skills, that's what Forbes said.
PAUL: Forbes hasn't a clue. He does what he's told by NASA.
TANYA: Are you saying that my geology
PAUL: Isn't worth a damn.
TANYA: But Uncle Leo
PAUL: Is not your uncle. I'm not your cousin. So, ask yourself, why would we fight tooth and nail to send a seventeen year old girl to Mars?
DOCTOR: Oh no. You'd already recovered alien material. That's how you knew. That's what you mean.
PAUL: Yes, Doctor. Eighteen years ago the robot probe brought back some interesting things. That's why we financed the Ares Project. Like I said, we only bet on certainties.
DOCTOR: What sort of material was brought back? Tell me.
PAUL: Bits and pieces. Remnants of technology. Hints and clues. And one of the Warrior's shells.
DOCTOR: Organic material.
PAUL: Exactly.
DOCTOR: Eighteen years. So that's it. Martian DNA.
TANYA: No.
PAUL: Cloning may still be in its infancy, if you'll forgive the expression, but it was too good a chance to miss.
DOCTOR: You combined the Martian DNA with human cells?
PAUL: It's interesting how much knowledge, how much instinct, you've inherited, isn't it, Tanya?
ZZARL [OC]: Doctor, are you there?
PAUL: Say what you have to say to me.
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
TANYA: I thought I was an orphan.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
TANYA: I have a whole family I didn't know about.
ZZARL [OC]: What do you want?
PAUL: I want to get back to Earth, which means I need access to your ship. And I keep my hostages.
ZZARL [OC]: We can send you home, but first you must free your prisoners.
PAUL: I don't think so. You're hardly in a position of strength. I have this vehicle's weapons trained on you.
ZZARL [OC]: You need your prisoners but you only have limited oxygen.
PAUL: Enough to last me while I blow that Tomb off the face of Mars. But I'll tell you what. You can have the Doctor, with pleasure. But I shall need a replacement for him.
FORBES [OC]: What about Tanya?
PAUL: Oh, I'm keeping her. She's very valuable to me.
TANYA: I'm nothing to you, Paul. Less than nothing.
PAUL: So how about it? A Warrior for the Doctor. He'll send us up into orbit, to link up with the Command Module, and I'll send the Warrior back with your ship.
DOCTOR: Don't trust him, Zzarl. He's completely
(Punch! Thud.)
TANYA: The Doctor's right, he's
PAUL: You can shut up as well. So what about it, Zzarl? Do we have a deal?

PERI: Don't listen to him. He tried to kidnap Sstast. He *wants* a Warrior.
ZZARL: I do not trust him, but we have little choice.
SSTAST: He has the ship's sonic cannon trained on this Tomb. He could destroy us all. We should destroy him before he can fire on us.
ZZARL: There is more to honour than the Code of the Warrior, Sstast. You must learn that. Diplomacy and pragmatism are also important.
SSTAST: Yes, Lord Zzarl.

ZZARL: And so, when the occasion calls for them, are guile and cunning.
PAUL [OC]: I'm waiting, Zzarl.
ZZARL: Very well. One of us for the Doctor.
PAUL [OC]: He'll get us to your ship?
ZZARL: Yes.
PAUL [OC]: And I have your word that you won't attack?
ZZARL: I offer you myself, Webster. I shall be the hostage exchanged for the Doctor.
PERI: You can't!
FORBES: Don't trust him.
ZZARL: You have my word that my Warriors will do nothing that endangers my life.
PAUL [OC]: Excellent. Then I accept.
FORBES: He'll kill you, Zzarl.
ZZARL: No. He needs me alive. If I die, Sstast will deploy the sonic charge. Webster lives only as long as I do.
SSTAST: I understand, Lord Zzarl. A pragmatic solution. An honourable bargain.

DOCTOR: Why did he agree?
TANYA: It's the honourable thing to do.
DOCTOR: Even when he knows Webster must be lying?
PAUL: You just can't accept that I've won, can you, Doctor. With Earth technology and Martian DNA, we shall create the ultimate warrior.
DOCTOR: The ultimate abomination. A scientific dark age of unspeakable technology.
PAUL: No, Doctor, the dawn of a new era.
DOCTOR: Dawn. Perhaps that's it. Tanya, how hot does it get here at sunrise?
TANYA: Hot? It doesn't. The atmosphere's too thin to retain the heat. By midday it might reach minus twenty.
DOCTOR: Even for an Ice Warrior that's cold.
PAUL: What are you two talking about?
DOCTOR: Er, nothing. The weather, that's all.
TANYA: Paul, how come we didn't hear about the alien artefacts? It's in NASA's Charter to make information available.
PAUL: That depends what information.
DOCTOR: The Brookings Report.
PAUL: Exactly, Doctor.

PERI: You're letting Zzarl go out there alone?
SSTAST: We are locked on to his communication signal. We can track his exact position from here.
FORBES: But even so.
SSTAST: He goes alone, as a Warrior should.
PERI: You talk as if. Will Webster let the Doctor go?
FORBES: I don't know. I wouldn't bet on it.
SSTAST: Lord Zzarl has left the Tomb.
PERI: If you still had communications working, you could tell people what's happening.
FORBES: Warn the Command Module, you mean? What are you saying, Peri?
PERI: Tanya told me that either you or Roberts sabotaged the communications.
FORBES: Huh, she's sharper than I thought. You know, I never believed the anomaly, this Tomb, was anything more than a hill. When I saw it through the dust storm, then I could tell it was artificial, a building.
PERI: But why? Why cut off all communication with Earth?
FORBES: Standard procedures.
PERI: What?
FORBES: Have you ever heard of the Brookings Report?

PAUL: So you know about Brookings, Doctor.
TANYA: I don't.
DOCTOR: When NASA was set up in 1958, the US government commissioned the Brookings Institute to prepare a report on how NASA should conduct its business.
PAUL: And you're right, Tanya. The recommendation was that NASA make all information

public for the good of everyone.
DOCTOR: With just one small exception.

FORBES: All sorts of experts worked on it. It was approved by the House Committee in April 1961, just as Gagarin was making history for the Russians, ironically enough.
PERI: You know a lot about it.
FORBES: All mission commanders have to know about Brookings.
PERI: But why? How can it still be relevant today?
FORBES: Because of one short chapter that starts on page 215.
PERI: And that says you have to cut off communications if you find an alien building, does it?
FORBES: It's called Implications of a Discovery of Extra-terrestrial Life, and that's exactly what it says.
SSTAST: Lord Zzarl is approaching the vehicle.

DOCTOR: If I recall, it says that alien artefacts might possibly be discovered through our space activities on the Moon, Mars or Venus.
PAUL: They never believed it was likely, but they accepted that it was possible.
TANYA: So how does that give NASA the right to disregard their Charter?
DOCTOR: Brookings discusses the possible disintegration of human societies. It's quite a sophisticated argument, actually, for it's time. It gives historical examples of civilisations destroyed by coming into contact with more advanced societies before they were ready for it.
PAUL: We're on the brink of technological breakthroughs the like of which humanity has never known, and NASA's afraid of the social implications.
TANYA: And which am I, Paul? A technological breakthrough or a social implication?
(Banging on hatch.)
ZZARL [OC]: Webster, I am here. Release the Doctor.
PAUL: We'll join you in a moment, Zzarl. Now I have everything. The hybrid and a rich source of new material.
TANYA: Material? That's how you think of us?
PAUL: Seal your suits.
(Helmet radios.)
PAUL: We're going for a little walk. You know, I think it's going to be a lovely day.
(Hatch opens.)
PAUL: Right, out, both of you. And don't forget, I have a gun pointed right at you, Doctor.
(Hatch closes.)
DOCTOR: You don't have to do this, Zzarl.
PAUL: He can't break his word. It's in his nature.
DOCTOR: Zzarl, think again, please. This isn't necessary. Whatever you're doing, there must be another way.
ZZARL: There is no other way, Doctor. Now go.
PAUL: I don't think so. Once we've got safely to the ship, then perhaps I'll let the Doctor go.
ZZARL: You would break your word?
DOCTOR: It's in his nature, Zzarl, just as you and your Warriors must keep your word.

SSTAST: The sonic charge is primed and targeted.
PERI: You can't. You promised.
FORBES: You said you would do nothing to endanger Zzarl's life.
SSTAST: You are right. We cannot fire if there is a risk we will harm Lord Zzarl.
ZZARL [OC]: Sstast, I am about to lead the humans across the plain to our ship. You understand the terms of our agreement?
SSTAST: I understand perfectly, Lord Zzarl. The Doctor should also understand our agreement.
ZZARL [OC]: You have learned much, Sstast. Goodbye, my friend and comrade. It has been an honour.

(Walking.)
PAUL: I'm glad you realise you're not coming back.
TANYA: You're just going to leave them here, stranded?
DOCTOR: I think that's Mister Webster's plan in a nutshell. He has no intention of sending

Zzarl or his ship back any more than he's prepared to let me go. You realise there is no way the Ice Warriors will let you get away with this, Mister Webster?
ZZARL: It is almost dawn. A last request.
PAUL: From the condemned alien?
ZZARL: May we pause for a moment? I wish to watch the dawn. Permit me to watch the sun rise on my own planet one last time.
DOCTOR: Zzarl, I really don't think
ZZARL: It is my wish, Doctor. I ask you not to interfere.
PAUL: Oh, very well. We have a little time and nothing to worry about from your friends. I'll allow you a few moments.
DOCTOR: I'll stand with you, Lord Zzarl, if I may.
TANYA: I can see the sunlight creeping across the plain. It's beautiful, the way it deepens the colour of the rocks and sand.
ZZARL: The Red Dawn.

WARRIOR: It is sunrise.
SSTAST: Very well. Prepare to fire.
PERI: But you promised!

DOCTOR: Won't you reconsider, Zzarl? You shouldn't have come out here. You knew he wouldn't let me go.
ZZARL: But to mistrust his word makes us no better than him. I had to assume his honour. I had to come.
DOCTOR: This is all my fault.
ZZARL: Yours, Doctor?
DOCTOR: If I hadn't opened the doors, passed the tests in the Tomb. Humanity isn't ready for this.
ZZARL: Perhaps, but that is not my problem, Doctor. Not now.
DOCTOR: There's nothing I can say?
ZZARL: Our greatest Warrior was Izdaal, the Leader whose Tomb I have guarded for so long. He stood alone on this plain and faced the Red Dawn. He knew that it was only by sacrificing himself that he could engender the support he needed to persuade our leaders to evacuate the planet. You cannot struggle against the weight of precedent, Doctor, against the lessons of history.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
(Zzarl coughs.)
TANYA: Sunrise.
PAUL: Are you satisfied now, Zzarl?
ZZARL: Very satisfied.
TANYA: What's happening to him?
PAUL: What's going on? Zzarl? Zzarl!
TANYA: It can't be the heat. The atmosphere is too thin to retain it.
ZZARL: I die with honour.
DOCTOR: Of course, the thin atmosphere.
PAUL: Help him, can't you?
ZZARL: Doctor, Sstast will stand by his agreement. He will not endanger my life.
DOCTOR: Of course.
PAUL: We need him alive! Doctor, do something!
DOCTOR: There's nothing I can do. Without a protective suit, he's dying.
TANYA: How? It's not the heat.
DOCTOR: The ultra-violet.
ZZARL: Red Dawn. That is why we left Mars.
PAUL: (scared) What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: Ultra-violet radiation is filtered out on Earth by the layers of the atmosphere.
TANYA: It's too thin here.
DOCTOR: He's dying of sunburn.
ZZARL: Save yourself, Doctor, and the girl. There is a nobility in her that transcends the others of her race. Farewell, my friend.
TANYA: Is he?
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I'm afraid he is.

PAUL: No!
TANYA: What do we do now?
DOCTOR: Run.
PAUL: Can't be. Doctor. Doctor, come back. I'll kill you!
(Sonic weapon.)
PAUL: I'll shoot you down. There's nowhere you can go.

PERI: You can't. You promised you wouldn't kill Zzarl.
SSTAST: Lord Zzarl is dead.
FORBES: How do you know?
SSTAST: He faced the Red Dawn. He died bravely. Now the target position is locked. We are ready to fire.
PERI: But the Doctor and Tanya. You can't. You promised the Doctor wouldn't be harmed.
SSTAST: I made no such promise, but Lord Zzarl may have saved them. Destroy the alien.
FORBES: No! Get away from there.
PERI: Commander, stop it! Ow!
(Struggles.)
SSTAST: Fire.

PAUL: You can't escape me, Doctor.
(Sonic weapon.)
PAUL: I see you, Doctor. Prepare to die. What's that?
DOCTOR: Down.
(Big sonic boom approaching.)
PAUL: No. Please, no!
(KaBOOM!)
TANYA: Are we, are we still alive?
DOCTOR: I very much hope so. Come on. It's a fair walk back to the Tomb, and I'm not sure how much air we have left.
TANYA: So long as the suits aren't damaged.
DOCTOR: You know, Webster was right about one thing. It's going to be a beautiful day.

FORBES: Perhaps Brookings was right.
DOCTOR: That's for you and Sstast to decide.
SSTAST: We shall contact our people.
PERI: And what will you tell them?
SSTAST: That the humans have much to learn.
FORBES: I'd have to agree with that.
SSTAST: But some of them understand honour and nobility. There is hope for them.
DOCTOR: Well said.
PERI: You'll have some explaining to do. To Webster's father, at least.
TANYA: Uncle Leo has some explaining of his own to do.
DOCTOR: Indeed. Especially to *you*, I think, Tanya.
TANYA: No, I'm not going back.
PERI: You mean you're staying here?
FORBES: Tanya?
SSTAST: We have spoken. It is agreed.
TANYA: Whether anything is made public, Earth will need someone to open communications. An ambassador.
FORBES: But you can't stay here. How will I explain all this?
PERI: I did an exchange with a pen friend in Denver once. Never again.
TANYA: Lee, I've made up my mind. Something good has to come out of all this.
SSTAST: We must ensure that Lord Zzarl did not die in vain. His vision was cooperation with the humans. We must respect that and live up to his vision, as he died for it.
DOCTOR: It sounds as if you've learned as well, Sstast. I've a feeling that if he was still with us, Zzarl would be organising the Ceremony of Zantella to welcome a new Lord to the noble aristocracy of Mars.
SSTAST: You ennoble me with the thought, Doctor.
FORBES: I've no idea what I'm going to tell NASA. I suppose I shall have to resort to the truth.

(fades into distance.)
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Come on, Peri. Time we were leaving.
PERI: Afraid they might start asking questions about your diplomatic skills?
DOCTOR: No. I'm afraid they might turn all the lights off and lock all the doors when they leave.
PERI: Back to the Tardis, and somewhere nice and warm with some plant life?
DOCTOR: Back to the Tardis.
PERI: And then what?
DOCTOR: And then? And then we shall see.